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MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

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No. 15

What Wilt Thou Have Me To Do?—We have recently received from one of our missionaries—without any comment whatever—a series of photographs of famine sufferers in the central provinces of India. No comments were necessary. The gaunt forms, pinched faces, and hopeless expression tell the whole story. The pictures make their own despairing plea to the well-fed people in comfortable homes in America. It seems incredible that the breath of life could remain in such a tenement; that such bodies could be possible this side the grave. And the little children! We turn away, for tears fall fast. Old in suffering, dumb with misery, “they are the innocent victims of neglect, selfishness, and cruelty. They do nothing but look wistful by the hour, and die without complaining.” A missionary from another field writes, “The famine is too terrible to describe. It is enough to know that parents sell their children for food, or push them into wells that they may not see them suffer. Sometimes in their utter wretchedness they cut poisonous roots in the jungle, make a tea of them, and all of the family drink and die together.” Why do we harrow our feelings by retailing these horrors? Merely to call to mind the possibility of mitigating them, and the beautiful “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me.” Read Mrs. Bachelor’s article on the “India Famine” and our opportunity. See the statement in “Treasurer’s Notes,” remembering that only as our regular work and workers are sustained can they be of real use to the famine sufferers. Our offerings *must* be *extra* or they fail of their purpose. Mission stations have to-day a glorious opportunity of not only saving many from starvation, but of saving them to a better life. Our duty is plainly to make such rescue work possible.

Working Notes.—Some one has said, “The strongest uplifting spiritual force in the United States to-day is the woman’s missionary societies.” . . The following quotation expresses our motto so aptly that we pass it along to the

auxiliaries: "We believe in faith, but we also believe that 'faith without works is dead,' and that faith alone can never save anybody. We must depend upon the excellence of our lives for salvation. The perfect union of these two, faith and works, can give us the full, complete, well-rounded Christian character. For then our faith will inspire us to helpful works, and our works will illuminate and prove the sincerity of our faith." . . . "How To Prepare a Sand-map of Midnapore," with illustrations, will appear in the June HELPER. Junior superintendents will find Dr. Nellie Phillips's article on "How They Dine in Santipore"—in this number—a charming addition to any India sand-map exercise for children. No superintendent should be without "The Junior Manual," by Amos R. Wells. It is a very complete hand book of methods, brimful of helps and hints for wide-awake meetings. More will be said of it later. . . . Miss E. E. Barnes writes in a personal letter, "On account of the threatened famine, prices, especially of grain, are much higher. Grain for my horse is nearly twice the usual price, and he is a necessity to me. The work for the Widows' Home seems to be going on well. Mrs. Smith ought to take a change and rest, and I sincerely hope she will before long." . . . Other matter arranged for May was put aside for the articles about our first editor, Mrs. Brewster. It is a comfort to know that her niece, Miss Tuck of North Danville, N. H., was with her in the last days of her illness, to receive the joyful messages which no stranger, however kind, could have so sympathetically transmitted. The illness was pneumonia, and the frail body was laid to rest beside her husband in Providence. Because she wished it, no note of grief was allowed to sound in the sketch of her life or the story of her departure. . . . All will be interested in the letter from Miss Baker and the essay by one of her pupils. Attractive programs of the graduating exercises are before us. These, as well as the bright little Storer "Record," are printed by the students in the Industrial Department, under the supervision of Miss Brackett, and compare favorably with the work of many a larger and better equipped printing establishment. . . . The "Floral Club" reported in "Words from Home Workers" deserves attention. All the work of raising, testing, putting up and selling the seeds has been done without pay. The money received has been only a part of the good work, as those who help in any way become interested in missions. . . . Home workers are requested to send any communication—as far as possible—by the fifth of the month previous to the month in which they wish that communication to appear in the HELPER. . . . It is a pleasure to spend a day at school with Miss Shirley Smith at Ann Arbor. We hope to spend many more days with her, and for her special work, both in this country and in India. God bless the young people in this and every land who are giving such glad service.

SOME OF OUR WELL KNOWN WORKERS.

VII.

MARILLA MARKS BREWSTER.

BY HOPESTILL FARNHAM.

EACH completed life leaves in its track some lessons of living to be followed or shunned. In an earthly as well as heavenly sense much that is hidden is revealed. It is blessed if such revelation be of beautiful service, self-sacrifice, and triumphant faith, rather than of self-seeking and doubt. Whoever crosses the threshold of the unseen as naturally and gladly as one would enter the doorway of a friend's home, expecting delightful and sympathetic companionship, is an inspiration and encouragement to all who shrink instinctively from the valley of the shadow of death. We say of those who go away with ecstatic visions before their eyes, "That is a peculiar experience; hardly for me or you."

But when one goes all the way calmly, consciously, gladly, fully recognizing that this is not the ending of life, but the beginning of a more abundant life, we are convinced of the beautiful possibilities of any living that is hid with Christ in God.

Such an inspiration was the home-going of Mrs. Marilla Marks Brewster. During her last brief illness she said, "My one purpose in life is strong now. The religion of Jesus Christ is the true religion. Not Catholicism, nor any other religion, but simply that of Jesus Christ. He alone saves. Make this emphatic for me. Don't let the word 'death' be spoken concerning me. This is not death, it is a birth."

With mind perfectly clear, the room filled with sunlight and flowers, the coming and going of friends, a little service of prayer, a song or two which she asked for, she came to the time of her departure, when she said, "In a few minutes I shall be rested," and so entered the other life.

Because this was to her the regnant hour, it seems natural to begin the sketch of her life with its history, but all of the steps that lead up to it are inter-



esting to her fellow workers. They can only be briefly summarized, yet many will be able to build up the life-story from these bare outlines and see that it is no common character of which we write.

Marilla Marks Towle—namesake of another well known worker, Mrs. M. M. H. Hills—was born in North Danville, N. H., in July, 1838.* Her parents were of Scotch descent and bequeathed to their five children sound principles and a thirst for knowledge. Intense longing to learn and to know was especially marked in Marilla, through all the years of her life, and she early consecrated this desire and the accompanying talents to the service of Christ. She was educated largely through her own efforts, graduating from New Hampton Institution in 1860. Immediately afterward—having begun to teach at the age of fifteen—she was offered responsible positions, at one time being preceptress of the academy at Waukegan, Ill., at another, lady principal of the academy of East Greenwich, R. I.

In October, 1863, she married Rev. J. M. Brewster, three years after his graduation from Dartmouth College, and was an untiring helper as pastor's wife for eighteen years. Mr. Brewster died in 1882. Mrs. Brewster's recognized ability brought her many positions of trust. She was the last recording secretary of the F. B. "Female Missionary Society," which is said to be the earliest national woman's missionary society in the United States. It is singular that she should leave us on the eve of its fiftieth anniversary, in which she was to take a prominent part. After this organization was merged into the F. B. W. M. S., she was continuously a member of the executive board of the latter. Through her influence "Missionary Reminiscences," by Mrs. Hills, came into being, and the fine mechanical appearance of the book is due largely to her painstaking care. For three years Mrs. Brewster was president of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Rhode Island, a member of the executive board of the Prisoner's Aid Society, and secretary of the Suffrage Association, as well as holding responsible positions in the W. C. T. U. She was an original member of the Rhode Island Woman's Club, and is one of the two women who have been made its honorary members; but her heart's deepest interest has been in missionary work, expressed in various ways. She was two years secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary of City Missions in Brooklyn, N. Y., and of her work in the south Miss Franklin writes with fine appreciation in this HELPER.

In 1888 Mrs. Brewster was a delegate to the International Council of Women held in Washington, D. C., and the same year represented the F. B. Woman's Missionary at the World's Conference of Foreign Missions held in London, where she gave some time to the study of missions before traveling on

* We are indebted to the "F. B. Cyclopaedia" for the statistical information in this article.

the continent. She was a graceful writer, an earnest speaker, and quick in her sympathies for the downtrodden or unfortunate.

In 1893 Mrs. Brewster, still longing for deeper knowledge and wider opportunities, went to Chicago University to study biblical history and sociology. Her object was to prepare herself more fully as an assistant pastor in a large church, or an entire pastorate in a small field. While in the west she supplied a pulpit for a few months, and received other calls to preach, but did not feel quite ready.

Her work at Lakeville, Conn., for the past eighteen months has been that of house-mother for one of the halls at the Hotchkiss school. She was also taking up the study of German. But here, as everywhere, she was not content to see anyone uncomfortable without trying to help. Ever blessed in memory to the working girls will be the name of Mrs. Brewster, for she succeeded in getting a sitting and reading room prepared and furnished for them, next her own, where they are now very happy. Previously, in order to get a moment's rest and quiet, they had to climb five flights of stairs to their stuffy little rooms.

Of late, Mrs. Brewster had been seriously thinking of taking up her chosen work again. That she felt the burden of it is indicated by recent letters to friends. To one she says, "Am I leaving any work undone which I ought to do? hiding myself? Am I cowardly?" Again she writes in response to the invitation to assist in the approaching semi-centennial, "I would be so glad to help, and feel so sorry sometimes that circumstances make it necessary for me to go aside from the denomination and all that is dear to me." She closes another letter thus, "Wishing you constant success in planning denominational work, and with the hope of constant enlargement," etc. "Constant enlargement" is a characteristic expression applied to both her individual life and her thought for the world's work.

According to her ability to give, she was remarkably liberal—to her "neighbor," to denominational work, and to missions in general. She did not talk of her gifts, but said simply, "I hope I am lending to the Lord as Mr. Brewster would want me to." Many touching incidents have been revealed since she went away that no one but God and the person who was benefited ever knew before. Here and there in New England and the south young women have been able to go to school, or rise to something better in life, through the timely "helping out" or regular remittance from this kind friend, who will be sadly missed. At the last she was planning for a school library in her own home town in New Hampshire. Such incidents could be multiplied.

Mrs. Brewster had the keen vision to see advanced movements, and the conviction and enthusiasm to start them. It was not her work, as a rule, to carry them forward by long-continued effort, but many a needed and successful

reform to-day owes its birth to her quick seizure of opportunity which other people could not have seen but were able to carry out. As we write we seem to feel her intense personality and to see her gracious presence, clear-cut and refined face, and exquisite neatness of dress. She was so alive that one does not think of her as ever being anything else. But it is as the first editor of the *MISSIONARY HELPER* that Mrs. Brewster is most widely known and loved by *HELPER* readers. She first mothered it. Of her faith it was born. She always believed it was called of God. No one can read our little magazine through the first nine years of its life, wherein her work was continuously successful, without feeling the touch of her power as a missionary editor and publisher. Let her call to the workers, through her earliest editorial, ring east and west and north and south till we all feel the burden of our responsibility, "Will you not so give aid and comfort to this little one that it may become, nurtured by your prayers, and sympathies, and material aid, a real power in the work to which God has called the women of this denomination? If you shall help it, and God help it, it will succeed."

Mrs. Brewster went away March 13. On the following Tuesday the service was held in the Park St. church, Providence, R. I., her husband's last pastorate. Rev. Mr. Wesley preached from the text, "With Christ, which is far better"; and her life in its happy completion echoes, "Far better."

MRS. BREWSTER'S WORK IN THE SOUTH.

BY CORALIE L. FRANKLIN.

THE sudden news of the death of Mrs. Brewster will be received among her Northern friends with no deeper regret than it falls upon the ears and hearts of those with whom and for whom she labored in the South.

I recall vividly her great interest in Storer College and its young people, her loyalty to denominational interests, her broad sympathy and almost passionate eagerness to help and uplift. It was Mrs. Brewster who went among the girls and awakened them to a sense of their womanhood. It was she who aroused in the boys the laudable ambition to keep step with the girls in higher thought and action. Again it was Mrs. Brewster, who, entering heart and soul into church work, planted seed whose sowing bears fruit to-day for the gathering of the members of the Curtis F. B. church.

Hers was not the talent which settles down to a task and keeps at it month by month and year by year, but she was in the highest sense an organizer. Given the conditions, her quick perception grasped at once a plan of work, and her pleasing address and ready command of words enabled her to present her ideas in such a way that one could not forbear to do the thing she wanted. Out of

the ruts, away from listlessness, out of the "slough of despond," her bright, hopeful spirit never failed to lead.

Mrs. Brewster was always ready to make a study of things. I can remember how my heart first warmed to her by having her say to me, "We must not teach these girls and boys as *colored* girls and boys, but as *girls and boys*, making them see and feel that their work is a part of the world's work and must be taken at market value." At once I knew that this woman had recognized, almost in the beginning of her work among us, what many have been slow to see. It is indeed true that the indulgence which for the first decade or two after the war excused lack of application, lack of thrift, lack of probity in the colored people is a thing of the past. Aside from the disadvantages of his color, which stands in his way at every turn, the colored man makes his place in the world just in accordance as he answers the two questions, "What can you do?" "How do you do it?" For Mrs. Brewster to recognize this truth was for her to teach it, and I could point to more than one of our students who bears the impress of the lessons she gave.

From a letter received from Mrs. Brewster only a few weeks ago I copy the following: "Sometimes I fear natural powers are abating, but I hope to be good for another ten years of active service. I have not lost the strong desire I had two years ago to take up again similar work to that which I was doing the winter I was with you, only in a more systematic and enlarged manner." And so it was her heart ever yearned over those who needed her in the Shenandoah Valley. When she was taking an elective course at the University of Chicago, her Bible study made her think more and more about the biblical department at Storer College, and who shall say that the present improved condition of that department is not in a large measure the answer to her prayers? Lectures in sociology invariably set Mrs. Brewster to study anew the bewildering difficulties of the Negro problem, and always with the longing to help with the solution. In regard to one phase of this work we were ever agreed, which was that more must be done to bear directly upon the home-life of the people, that special work must be done for our women by women.

I am grateful for the life of this good woman, grateful that its influence could and did reach Storer College and the Shenandoah Valley. How gladly many others would testify, if they could, to the way in which her "alabaster box" of kindness and sympathy was shed over all around her. Would that she might have been spared many years, and God grant that her mantle may descend upon shoulders as willing and as brave as hers were to bear the burdens of others and fulfil Christ's law.

Washington, D. C.

A "FIND."

III.

BY HARRIET P. PHILLIPS.

☐ A LONG address to a river ends thus :

" O river, running swiftly by,
To mother dear my words repeat ;
To brother, sister, take my sigh ;
Two tear-drops lay at father's feet."

☐ A very graceful address to the morning star begins and ends thus :

" Standing in the western door,
Who art thou with beaming face?
In this sad world see'st thou aught
Gives thee such a smiling grace?

.

Tell me, beauteous one, whose woes .
Thou hast come to steal away?

.

Fare thee well, thou peerless one,
Take with thee my heart's dear love."

TO SLEEP.

O blessed sleep! on all alike thou dost
Thy balm bestow! There's none the wide world o'er
Can bless like thee. At thy benign approach
Both sorrowful and loving words are hushed.
The hermit gazes in thy peaceful face,
And silent grows his hymn of praise. A skill
To soothe dwells in thy hand; so vanish pains
At thy soft touch. E'en anxious mothers care
Forget, and misers all their hidden store.
Stern kings forget their royal state, with all
Its weight of care.

One poem represents two sisters walking in a garden, the elder expressing her delight with all she sees. The younger responds :

" Ah, sister mine! thy wild delight in all
These beauties rare I see. But, dear, couldst thou
But see their Maker's glory shine, full soon
Would these fair colors fade from sight away.
That glorious morning sun but sheds his light,
In these sweet flowers behold his loving smile."

The elder sister :

" O sister, dearer yet than life, to thee
Is given to understand the essence true
Of mortal life. In years though older I
Than thou, I yet had failed to find this truth
Thy deeper thought has made so clear. And now
I've naught to give thee, dear, in kind return
For thy fair thought, save this—then take, dear heart,
Thy sister's fond embrace.

In "A Prayer" the little writer pleads for compassion toward one and another who have aroused her sympathy, among others for a poor, weak, childless widow, dependent on a very cold charity, and for a friendless orphan, "whose

tearful face, though all begrimed and stained, appeals to me." Her warm, sympathetic nature is shown in some pages of "Wishes," a few of which I reproduce :

" A cool and peaceful hermitage I'll be ;
Give fruits and flowers and running water clear.
I'll gently cool the hermit's fevered mind.

The lightning's dazzling laughter I will be.
In darkness and in rain the wand'rer lost
I'll light, in mercy, with my brilliant flash.

A lovely forest bird I'll be. When in
The east the king of day ascends the sky,
With songs so sweet I'll waken all mankind.

A garden sweet at noontide will I be ;
A shelter cool, alike to rich and poor ;
The heated trav'ler me with thanks shall bless.

A sympathetic tear-drop I will be.
Each sor'wing one shall bless me as I fall.
With loving sympathy I'll banish grief.

O, laughter sweet in childhood's mouth I'll be !
I'll banish sorrow, make the sad to smile,
Sweet music in all humble homes I'll make."

The desire to bless others, constantly and beautifully expressed in the foregoing, is perhaps nowhere in her verses more pointedly expressed than in the following, which must be the last selection :

THOUGHTS OF MY HEART.

Why spend my days in pleasures vain?
Vain pleasure leaves a fearful stain.
I robe my form in garments fair,
With Love's own fragrance fill my hair.
I waste my time in idle talk,
And fill with foolish jest my walk.

I long for other souls to live,
For other's woes e'en life to give.
I'd gladly yield my joys, desires.
The name of God my soul inspires
By day and night.
My friends on hearing, laughing, said,
" But you are such a little maid !
Why hope so much? Why love so much?
In other's joys can you rejoice,
Forgetting all your heart's own choice? "
O God in heaven, tell me why
My heart does not to pleasure fly ;
Why, seeing grief another bears,
My eyes are filled with flowing tears?
Why, witnessing another's pain,
My own heart bears it all again.
A mere untutored girl am I,
For e'er debarred from learning high.
Can even such as I fulfil

The noble purpose of thy will?
 O Thou who dost all creatures bless,
 Dear refuge of the shelterless.
 The thoughts that play deep in my heart
 Are given by thee; shall they depart?
 O why should I my thoughts conceal?
 Why not my heart's desires reveal?
 Why should I spend in idle ease
 The life to give me thou dost please?

I do not know how these little poems may impress others, but to my mind, considering their source, they are certainly remarkable, and not least so in their spirit, which in some of them may justly be called Christian. I wish I could give them to you in the graceful simplicity of the original, but, even handicapped as the little poet is by her translator, you will have seen enough not to wonder that I covet her for our Lord and his service. She is now, without doubt, back again in the uncongenial atmosphere of her mother-in-law's home, with no happier prospect before her than beating her wings against the bars of her cage, in vain longings for freedom. But God has done far more wonderful things than rescue such an one, and so I am going to ask each one who reads this to offer at least one prayer that in his own good time and way he will open the door for poor little Nedu out of heathenish bondage into his glorious light and liberty.

Balasore, India.

PATIENCE.

BY ANNIE M. L. HAWES.



UTSIDE my window-pane this cheerless day,
 My rose-tree swings and blows,
 While sullen rains drip ceaselessly
 Upon the sodden snows.

I know the pulse of life is strong at root,
 The stem is thickly set
 With buds for leaf and bloom, that every shoot
 Shall show in time, and yet

If I should build a bower my rose-tree round,
 And with the tenderest care
 Prune every branch, and all about the ground
 With nicest art prepare,

I could not force one bud to crimson bloom;
 While earth and air and sea,
 That I, the impotent, should so presume,
 Would make their mock at me.

What shall I, then? Fling honest labor by,
 Cursing each wind that blows,
 Vexing my poor world's ear with sighs that I
 Cannot create a rose?

Has God required this work of me? Has he
 No other force to bring?
 Nay, nay, there will be roses, too, for me,
 When he commands his spring.

Not mine to mar the work of God and time
 With my poor soon or late,
 My part in summer's sun and winter's rime,
 Is to be glad and wait.

Stroudwater, Me.

MORE FRUITFUL BIBLE STUDY.

SHALL we, as young people, study the sciences with all the enthusiasm and thoroughness of our fine educational systems of to-day, and yet study the Bible with all the superficiality and listlessness of children in the alphabet class? Shall we continue to know minutely the geography of France and next to nothing of the geography of the Holy Land? Are we memorizing fine literature from other authors and nothing from that which contains the sublimest poetry, the immortal proverbs of the race, the most ancient history, and in every form the grandest thoughts about God and man and destiny? Seriously, what do we know in a really fruitful way of the Bible.

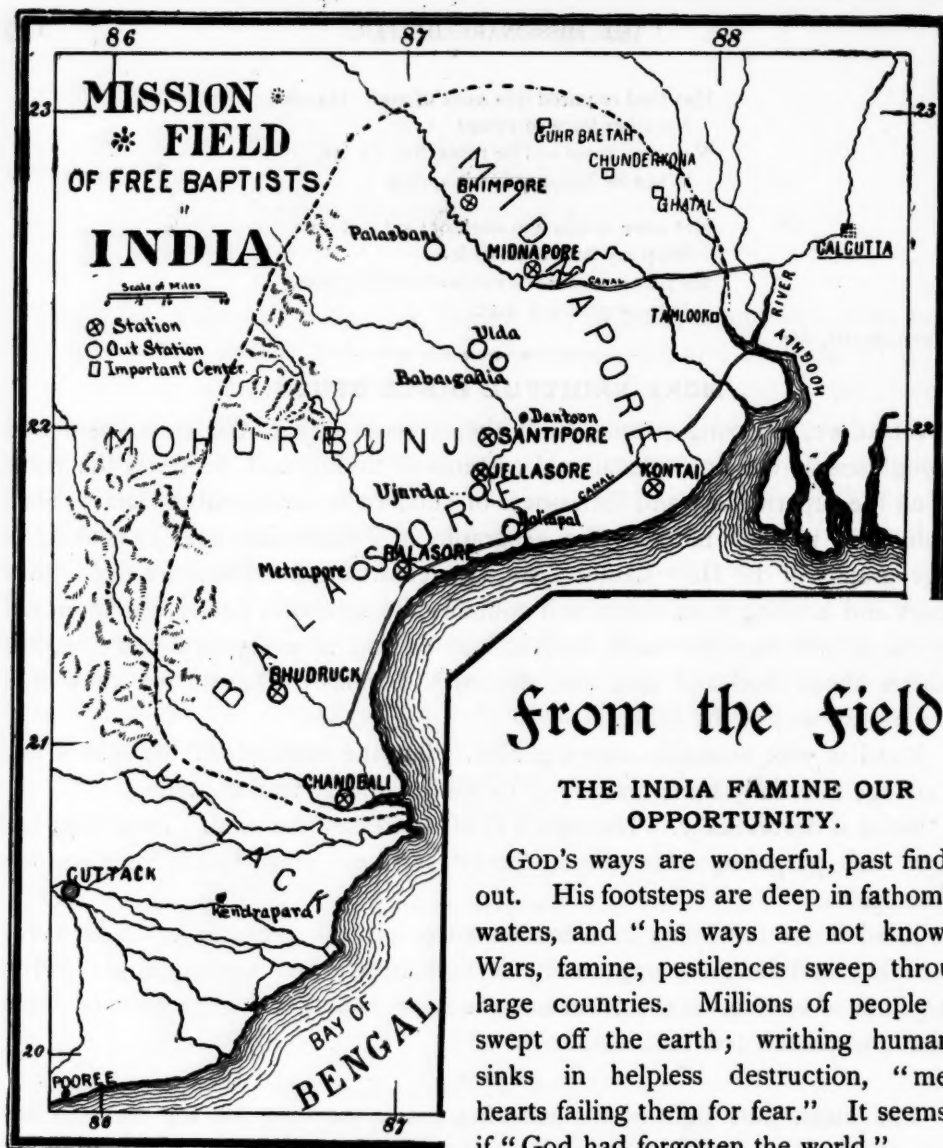
Read it with scientific thoroughness. Put the methods of the school and the college into daily Bible mastery of its history and general contents.

Read it devotionally. Through it God addresses the soul. Hear him call you to high purposes, noble efforts, earnest service. Hear him in your sorrows and struggles.

Read it for furnishing in Christian work. It will perfectly equip for every call of duty and for every opportunity of usefulness. Our young people lead in many lines of service, let them become the most remarkable generation of Bible readers the church ever had.—*Selected.*

THE clear, pure light of the morning made me long for the truth in my heart, which alone could make me pure and clear as the morning, and tune me up to the concert-pitch of the nature around me. And the wind that blew from the sunrise made me hope in the God who had first breathed into my nostrils the breath of life; that he would at length so fill me with his breath, his mind, his spirit, that I should think only his thoughts, and live his life, finding therein my own life, only glorified infinitely. What should we poor humans do without our God's nights and mornings?—*George Macdonald.*

"GOD has never had any use for people who had no business of their own to attend to."



many more thousands of lives if the government fund had been opened sooner. They have felt the famine prices in their own resources, and in the means to carry on mission work, but have helped the suffering as much as possible.

Now, just now, is the time for us as a Woman's Missionary Society, and as a denomination, to bring in our enlarged thank-offerings to the missionary treasury.

The orphan children we may be able to save will be the better class, for the weak and filthy have perished. Much of the best working material through our mission field came from our orphan asylums, which famines from time to time have replenished. Here is a grand chance. Let us improve it, and give as much according to our ability as the poor widow gave whom the Master commended. Our money will be "leaven" and "seed-sowing" while the "Husbandman" will take care of the harvest.

S. P. B.

ONE DAY AT MEDICAL SCHOOL WITH A STUDENT VOLUNTEER.*

You would like to go to school with me to-day? I shall be very glad to take you. How very fortunate that this isn't Tuesday or Thursday, for you would have been too late. Those are the mornings I have osteology at eight o'clock. You are just in time for the nine o'clock class.

This old medical building looks as though it might have been transferred from some ancient civilization, but one has to work just as hard in it and can get as much out of it as though it were new.

This lecture is on general chemistry. If you are fond of the subject you will enjoy the lecture, but not otherwise, for it is treated here in the most scientific—not popular—method.

There are about two hundred in the freshman class in our department, but some from other departments have work with us.

Now we will go to the lecture on bacteriology in another building; it will give us a breath of fresh air and make us a little better prepared for another hour's work.

Dr. Novy, who gives this lecture, has convinced us all that the "germ theory" is no longer a theory but an established fact. We have already studied the relation of special germs to black plague, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and several other diseases. It is quite wonderful what strides the study of medicine has taken since so much attention has been given to the study of bacteria and other germs.

Our lecture to-day is on Asiatic cholera. India is, you know, the home of

* See "Our New Medical Missionary," in March HELPER.

the disease, and the physician there comes in contact with it frequently. We are glad that the disease has been so thoroughly studied that it can never take a "trip around the world" again, as it did a few years ago.

Did you hear what my friend next me said as the lecture closed? "You will probably have a good many cases of this, and I shall have more of pneumonia." The young man who said to me as he passed out, "You want to get this thoroughly, Miss Smith," is preparing for medical work in Africa.

Now we will go to general anatomy for an hour. This is so interesting one almost forgets to take notes. It is in the line of comparative anatomy, and from a study of other forms of animal life and the development of the human we find the "reasons why" for a great many things.

Are there many in the department preparing for mission work? Yes, several. There are only two volunteers in the freshman class beside myself. I hope there may be more before the year is over. The University Student Volunteer Band numbers about twenty-five, a majority of whom are medical students. We meet every Sunday afternoon. Of course these volunteers are among the most active missionary workers in the young people's societies of the city.

I am not going to take you with me to the anatomical laboratory this afternoon, where I shall be from one until five o'clock. We are free to talk there, and sometimes our conversation turns from the subject in hand to other things. Yesterday we had an earnest discussion of Sunday studying. Only two of the half-dozen who took part openly opposed it; the others, or most of them, are Christian girls. We two maintained that Sunday study was a violation of God's command; and beside that it was poor economy, physically, intellectually, and spiritually. Don't you think so? Yes, there are many opportunities to stand up for our Master. Won't you pray for me that I may work for him now "by the way"?

SHIRLEY HOLMES SMITH.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

COOKING AND SEWING AT STORER COLLEGE.

[Extracts from a private letter from Miss Baker.]

APRIL 4, 1897.

I HAVE just closed the cooking school work for this winter, and send you the program of the graduating exercises. The girls did very well and were much pleased with their exhibition, having worked very hard to get ready. I inclose the best essay that was handed in, "The Benefit I Gained from the Domestic Science Class of Storer College." I know you will like to read it.

This year I had the cooking classes give dinners, taking each class in turn. One dinner a week is all I can manage with other work. The object was to have the girls go through the process of planning, cooking, and serving a dinner,

eating it properly, and clearing it away. We usually dined about twelve people—the class, teacher, and two or three guests invited from the faculty or from among the girls. It was considerable work for all of us, but the object lesson has paid. The girls were required to furnish a certain part of the materials used, the school a part, and the teacher something, and it was done willingly. The girls washed the table linen during the week. It has been a popular thing, and, besides giving them a lesson, has furnished a good, warm square meal for many who needed it.

I have been much pleased with my cooking classes this year. The new girls who came in, though quite young, have a knowledge of the subjects relating to cookery that the girls four years ago had no idea of. The training in the free schools and the industrial classes that are springing up in so many little towns through the south have an influence that we are beginning to feel. I wish that we could see the same advance in the line of sewing, but hope it will soon come. By the way, people have been most kind in sending contributions to the sewing room. I have so many letters, some of them very touching, asking what they can do, with their limited means, for our girls. It keeps one busy answering, but I'm glad to do it.

JENNIE BAKER.

Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

THE BENEFIT I GAINED FROM THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS OF STORER COLLEGE.

I HAVE gained a great deal of knowledge from the domestic science class of Storer College. After joining the class the first thing I learned was how to make a fire with paper. The teacher asked the class how many knew how to make a good fire. I was one of the first to say I knew how, so she tried me while the rest of the class looked on. The stove was already clean, so I laid in a couple of newspapers without unfolding them, and some wood on top of them. I lighted the paper a second time, but it failed to burn, so I called the teacher. She told me to take out the papers and lay them in loosely, so they could get air, then they would burn. After I did that in a short time we had a good fire. The next thing I did was to put on the kettle, which a great many people fail to do until it is time to have the meal. So you see the first thing I learned was to make a fire and put the kettle on as soon as it burned.

I was very anxious to learn how to make cakes and pies, for I thought when one could make cakes and pies that would be all she need to know, but I soon found out that was a mistake. The teacher told me I had better learn how to make bread first, so I made bread with her assistance, which was very nice that time, but when I made some for myself—ladies, listen—I couldn't eat it, so I made bread after that again and again until I could make nice bread. After this I made cake, which was very good after a few failures.

I went into the class with the determination to learn everything I could about cooking—not only cooking, but which food was best for the brain, and which the most wholesome. I also learned that people in different parts of the world had to have different food, and that vegetables, such as onions, beans, potatoes, and numerous others, were more wholesome than highly priced food. I learned how to cook different foods so that they would be safe to eat. I think a great many people bring on disease and die from not knowing how to cook properly.

Among our girls I am sorry to say they think it a disgrace to cook. Very few of them know how to make a decent cup of coffee. The majority of them get married without knowing; it makes me sad to think of it. In this school there can be first-class cooks, and I will appeal to all of you who come after me to go to your classes promptly, listen to every instruction given you, and you will become first-class cooks, an honor to your parents, to the world, and to Storer College.

ANNIE BECKS.

TREASURER'S NOTES.

THERE has been of late a correspondence with our missionaries in India regarding zenana teachers, Bible women, schools and children, and their assignments. As a result, your treasurer has made a new list of these, and compared it with the receipts for the past year and more. I am glad to report that those who are regularly supporting teachers, schools, Bible women, and children are doing it more promptly and fully than I supposed. In two or three cases nothing has been paid for a year, and in some only partial payments have been made. To all these I appeal for full payment of salaries and support of children and schools for the coming year.

Another matter in this connection ought to be understood better. It is that there are changes in teachers, sometimes caused by removals and otherwise, also sometimes in children. So that the person or child assigned to an individual, or an auxiliary or Sunday school, may have to be given up and another take the place. In all such cases the missionaries are to notify of these changes, and make new assignments. I hope they will be looked upon as a necessity, and so be cheerfully accepted.

Several shares have recently been taken in Miss Barnes's salary, as the changes in the "Roll of Honor" will indicate, and still there is room for more. A lady in Vermont, another in Maine, and one in New Hampshire have recently indicated their intention to support a child in Sinclair Orphanage, and have either paid \$25 in part, or in full. And there is still a large number of children unsupported, and several teachers.

We welcome most heartily to our ranks the Hills Home and Foreign Mis-

sionary Society of the Washington St. church, Dover, N. H., which we learn has voted to become auxiliary to the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society. It has associated with it some very bright young women, whose enthusiasm will be felt in the Rockingham Q. M. and in the state. There passed through the treasurer's hands recently a letter from our Rachel Das, in Sinclair Orphanage, to the young man who is supporting her. I doubt if he has a correspondent whose handwriting is prettier, or whose style is more pleasing. The letter is written in English by Rachel, who has no need of an interpreter.

When these notes reach our workers the last month of another quarter will have begun, as with May 31 the third quarter of the year closes, and it is the thank-offering month. May our offering be in proportion to our temporal and spiritual blessings. By way of contrast with the condition of other nations they are very marked. Think of Cuba, where life is freely offered for the sake of liberty, and Crete, aided by Greece, trying to throw off the Turkish yoke, and Armenians surrendering life for Christ's sake, and our own famine-stricken India. What shall hinder us from making as large an offering as possible, even to using money which we have intended to use for something personal if need be?

As our executive committee proposes to send specials for the famine need to an advisory committee in India for distribution, I hope we shall add to what we have planned as a thank-offering for this object. Let this added amount be marked "for the famine" and it will be sent as a special to India, for distribution in such ways as the special need calls for. And let us not encroach on our regular giving for the thank-offering, for salaries of missionaries and teachers, and support of schools and children must be provided for, the same as during any other quarter. Sometimes we shrink from these added burdens that come into our lives, but if we accept them as sent of our Father, and trust him to supply our need in bearing them, we grow stronger thereby, and if we accept them as our own we cannot help getting in closer touch with all life, with one another, and with Christ.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

Dover, N. H.

OCCASIONS of learning and self-improvement come, stay with us for awhile, then pass. And the wheels of time shall not be reversed to bring them back, once they are gone. If we neglect them, we shall be permanent losers for this life. We cannot say how much we may be losers hereafter. But if we do what we can to use them while they are granted, we shall have learned one lesson of the heavenly discipline, and shall be the better prepared for the others, whether of action or endurance, which are yet to come.—*J. C. Shairp.*

"ONE broken link of duty destroys the golden chain of obedience."

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

JUNE.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

Part I. Current Topic, "The India Famine."

2. Prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit.
2. Readings, article by S. P. B., under "From the Field," editorial, "What Wilt Thou Have Me To Do," and "Treasurer's Note" on the India famine fund.
3. Facts gleaned from current papers and magazines, told by each member.
4. General discussion.
5. Prayer for the smitten country, for better government and preventive measures, for the faithful workers, for warm hearts to give and for blessing upon the gifts.

Part II. Memorial of Mrs. Brewster.

"In the truest sense nothing is ours until we have given it away."—MARILLA MARKS BREWSTER.

Hymns: "Earth Hath No Sorrow That Heaven Cannot Heal," "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms," "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder."

1. Sketch of Mrs. Brewster's life.
2. Her work in the south (article by Miss Franklin).
3. How she went away.
4. Readings: extracts from her editorials in the early numbers of the *HELPER*, especially January, 1879 and 1881.
5. Lessons from her life.
6. Closing prayer.

"Give ye them to eat," said Christ to his disciples when the hungry multitudes were before him. Dismayed at the scanty store of five loaves and two fishes, they nevertheless brought them to Christ, and wonderfully all were fed. There is a hungry multitude of which the Lord says to us, "Give them to eat." Shall we obediently bring what we have, our small gifts, if they seem so to us, our imperfect efforts, our feeble words, possibly our stammering tongues, and he will so much multiply them that the waiting ones will be satisfied?—*Marilla Marks Brewster.*

SIN makes a man a coward, but the fear of the Lord (that is, religion in its true sense) inspires its possessor with strong confidence—not in himself, but in God.

Practical Christian Living.

Practical Christian living is "to condense and crystallize into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."



THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

BY SUSAN PRESCOTT PORTER.

WOULD that every member of our Woman's Missionary Society could have stepped into Association Hall on the morning of Dec. 3, with our dear president and your humble delegate, and caught the inspiration and exhilaration with which the very air was pregnant at the opening session of the National Council of Women in Boston. In spite of ourselves we do sometimes get narrowed in thoughts and plans for our own special lines of work; and coming in touch with many others, embracing most of the advance and philanthropic movements of the day, cannot fail to broaden and stimulate us to a wonderful degree.

Mrs. Dickinson, president of the Council, was at her best, making many happy points in her opening remarks as well as in introducing the representatives of various organizations. She said the Council was not of individual women, but of womanhood. "We want to do the most possible for humanity. Instead of riding our own individual hobby-horse until disruption enters, we start from a common center of a star to its circumference, and then, instead of constantly returning to our starting-point, we work around the circumference, touching all others, until all points of difference are minimized and we come to make one grand army of women with our separate corps and individual societies welded together."

Mrs. W. Cummings, corresponding secretary of the National Council of Canada, brought greetings from her home organization, also from Her Excellency, the Countess of Aberdeen, President of the International Council of Women. That our sisters over the border are enthusiastic in the matter of temperance, social purity, and all questions vital to the highest type of manhood and womanhood, was evident from the earnest words of this bright little woman.

Mrs. Eliza B. Grannis, president of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity, handled wisely and reverently the cause to which her League is pledged. Her sweet personality and contagious devotion to the interests that she represents must have left a lasting impression upon all who heard her earnest plea for a higher and equal standard of purity between the sexes, and for the proper training of our youth before marriage relations are assumed, that the responsibilities of parentage may be rightly met and that proper and holy marriages may cut down the appalling divorce records.

"Mother Prindle" of the Florence Crittenton Mission was welcomed by hearty applause, and strongly emphasized, from facts that had come under her own observation, the supreme need of the line of work presented by Mrs. Grannis.

Mrs. Ida C. Whipple, vice-president of the Universal Peace Union, made a forceful plea in behalf of the principles that the Union seeks to inculcate, laying much stress on encouraging peace in our children and teaching them that war and patriotism are not synonymous.

Mrs. I. C. Manchester, president of the National Association of Loyal Women of American Liberty, mentioned many historical and patriotic acts that had helped to make our republic what it is.

Mrs. C. E. White of the Anti-Vivisection Society not only made a hearty public appeal for our dumb animals, but circulated much literature in their behalf. Their inability to speak for themselves was somewhat atoned for by having such an earnest advocate.

Mrs. L. M. Hollister, president of the Supreme Hive Ladies of the Macca-bees of the World, brought out many valuable points in this mutual benefit insurance institution, which she said, aside from its business features, develops the spirit of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. It is managed entirely by women and numbers 65,000.

The National Woman's Relief Corps was enthusiastically championed by Mrs. Agnes Hitt, president, and two past presidents. The need of patriotic lessons in the homes of our country was enforced. "The price of our flag is broken hearts, and the flag belongs to women, since they gave their only begotten sons to save the country."

Apropos to this topic, a flag drill was given by sixteen children from Chauncy Hall school, under the direction of Mrs. L. S. Wadsworth, who catechized them on patriotic topics. Each child wore a small flag upon his breast, and a large one was borne aloft by the leader. Their marching was excellent, and their final salute to the dear old flag most touching. At the close the vast congregation arose and joined them in singing our national hymn.

On introducing Miss Anthony, Mrs. Dickinson said, "They say we women are busy bees and ever on the wing, but the busiest bee I ever knew is Susan B., and I present to you a woman who is dear to us all." Miss Anthony was greeted with the Chautauqua salute. Her strong voice and earnest plea for woman's suffrage was more indicative of the prime of life than of one nearing the western horizon. She made an eloquent reference to the grand Parliament of Religions, and said that, as Bishop Keane then predicted that all religions would eventually come into one fold, so she expected that the suffrage organization, which had set in motion the ball of reforms, would finally gather all into its fold.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union was represented by its vice president at large, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, who in her own happy and able manner stood for every department that is mothered by this grand organization.

Mrs. A. M. Hamilton, president of the Wimodaughsis, explained the important work of that association, which gives intellectual helps to young women in lines similar to the work of the Y. M. C. Association for young men, also "acts as a bureau of information on a multitude of subjects."

The Illinois Industrial School for Girls was brought to our notice by its president, Mrs. Wallace. "It receives girls from every state, and tries to find homes for them, giving them, meanwhile, industrial training."

The National Woman's Relief Society, Mrs. Young president, "aims to give temporal and spiritual relief."

The Young Ladies' National Mutual Improvement Association, Mrs. Taylor president, more than hints at its mission in its name. It owns large libraries, publishes a monthly magazine called *The Young Woman's Journal*, and its branches are widely scattered.

The work of the Woman's Republican Association, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster president, is "largely for education in the principles of government, especially among the more ignorant, and thus fits for intelligent thought and action. It aims to stimulate, to express, and to apply the energy of loyal women" in the interests of true republicanism.

The National Association of Women Stenographers had birth at the World's Fair, and, indeed, for that special occasion. It has, however, "made for itself and its members a wide sphere of usefulness."

The National Council of Jewish Women grew out of the Jewish Women's Religious Congress of the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair. Self-development, and thereby better service for others, is one of its chief doctrines, "Faith and humanity" its motto.

The National League of Colored Women, Miss Cook of Washington president, is also a member of the Council. Your delegate did not have the pleasure of hearing this League reported, but from some hints through one of our Harper's Ferry workers, she judges it to be a most valuable organization.

In addition to the eighteen bodies that compose the Council (into each of which a little glimpse has here been given, in order that all the members of the National F. B. Woman's Missionary Society may know something of the character of these bodies to which our own dear society is thus wedded), there are also the following affiliated local councils; viz., Local Council of the women of Quincy, Ill., of Indianapolis, and of Portland, Me. The cabinet officers are: department of foreign relations, May Wright Sewall secretary; art and literature,

F. E. N. Bagley secretary ; moral reform, L. M. N. Stevens secretary ; social economics, I. C. Davis secretary ; the home, R. F. Avery secretary ; religion, M. N. Adams secretary. Reports were heard from the standing committees on dress, equal pay for equal work, divorce, reform, patriotic instruction, household economics and the press, all of which were of intense interest. The Council represents 750,000 women.

Mingled with the stated public meetings were many choice opportunities for observation and study of its Council and its various relations. These were the executive business sessions, receptions given the officers at a private home and at the Vendome, times of waiting in the anteroom of the hall or the private parlors of the Vendome, where one and another were heard to express themselves on different phases of work represented by the Council. We were gratified as some touching expressions of loyalty to our Heavenly Father and his cause dropped here and there in quiet ways, that gave us a feeling of sisterhood and at-home-ness most agreeable.

The preamble of the constitution of the Council reads thus : " We women of the United States, sincerely believing that the best good of our homes and nation will be advanced by our own greater unity of thought, sympathy, and purpose, and that an organized movement of women will best conserve the highest good of the family and the state, do hereby unite ourselves in a confederation of workers committed to the overthrow of all forms of ignorance and injustice, and to the application of the golden rule to society, custom, and law."

The objects of the Council are " to make better known the magnitude and variety of woman's work, to avoid the multiplication of organizations of similar object, to bring together women of all lines of work, to give the united influence of all these women to such general kinds of work as can be heartily agreed upon by all."

Although this article is already too long (and yet not long enough to touch upon many points most worthy of mention), the writer will in closing take the liberty to make generous quotations from Mrs. Dickinson's recent excellent article upon the Council in the *Arena*, lest it may not have come to the notice of all the HELPER readers, as representing something of the value of this organization, the advantages of membership to the bodies composing it, etc.

She says, " Each organization can bring in condensed form its absolute best to stand side by side with the absolute best of societies representing other lines of work, can take its opportunity for learning and for teaching, for comparison of value of service to humanity, which is, after all, the real test of the value of any separate work or of all united work. As a broadening and elevating influence the Council idea of union on all lines of agreement and freedom on all

points of disagreement, of interchange and mutual helpfulness with a view to mutual growth and wider usefulness, has already proven one of women's best educators. . . . The motto of the Council is 'Lead, kindly Light,' and surely we are not going to be able to live that motto, seeing to it that the light in us be not darkness, but a kindly ray to cheer those who are still further in the shadows, so long as we will not lift up our eyes to see that God's pillar of fire is leading every other army as surely and as swiftly, as safely and as kindly, as he leads our own. . . . When, eighteen centuries ago, One sat over against the well of Samaria, and said, 'Woman, give me to drink,' he embodied in his own person the thirst of humanity, and that cry echoing down through the ages is ringing in the ears of the women of to-day. And whether it is the cry for knowledge or wisdom or freedom, or for relief from any phase of mental or spiritual thirst, the efforts of women to meet it are only so many indicators of the amelioration and betterment of human conditions, and all our societies and all our federations and all our councils are in another sense only so many efforts to make a chain long enough and strong enough to reach the bottom of the wells of God's salvation, and to supply the infinite hunger and thirst, lest whenever he calls on even the least of his little ones for the cup of cold water we answer, 'I have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.'"

Peabody, Mass.

A JAPANESE LILY.

A LADY, who in her girlhood was discouraged by her lack of beauty, but lived to become a leader of society, with hosts of sincere and loving friends, says :

"If I have been able to accomplish anything in life, it is due to the words spoken to me in the right season, when I was a child, by a wise teacher.

"I was the only homely, awkward girl in a class of exceptionally pretty ones, and, being also dull at books, became the butt of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, and withdrew into myself, and grew daily more bitter and vindictive.

"One day the French teacher, a gray-haired old woman, with keen eyes and a kind smile, found me crying.

"'What is the matter, my child?' she asked. 'O madame, I am so ugly!'" I sobbed out. She soothed me, but did not contradict me. Presently she took me into her room, and after amusing me for some time said, 'I have a present for you,' handing me a coarse lump covered with earth. 'It is round and brown as you. Ugly, did you say? Very well. We will call it by your name then—it is you. Now, you shall plant it, and water it, and give it sun for a week or two.' I planted it and watched it carefully; the green leaves came first, and at last the golden Japanese lily, the first I had ever seen. Madame came to share my delight. It was the first time that it ever occurred to me, that, in spite of my ugly face, I too might be able to win friends and make myself beloved in the world."—*Selected.*

Words from Home Workers.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Massachusetts W. M. S. met with the Worcester church, Feb. 17, 1897. Mrs. O. H. Denney, president, in the chair. Scripture, Isaiah 53, was read and prayer offered by Mrs. A. E. Wilson, Lowell. Duet by Rev. T. H. Stacy and Rev. E. P. Moulton. Rev. Mr. Stacy gave us a very interesting talk on mission work in India. It was heartily enjoyed, and was an inspiration to all present. Solo by Rev. Mr. Stacy. A paper by Mrs. O. H. Denney contained much good advice; then a solo by Rev. E. P. Moulton; a paper on foreign missions by Mrs. M. T. Emery. Six of the auxiliaries sent good reports; they were Lynn, Haverhill, Somerville, Lowell, Paige St., Chelmsford St., and Mt. Vernon St. Amesbury reported verbally. A committee on resolutions was appointed, and they would submit the following:

"We the ladies of the W. M. S. of the Massachusetts Association, learning of the sudden death of our dear sister Pitts of Lawrence, desire to express our deep and heartfelt sorrow for our brother in his sad bereavement, and would commend him to "the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

MRS. A. R. PAULL.

"[Signed]

MRS. H. LOCKHART.

"MRS. M. A. KNOWLTON."

Later a business meeting was called by the president, at which time a request was presented by the association asking the ladies to hold their annual meeting in connection with the annual meeting of the association. This was heartily approved by the ladies, but no definite action was taken and it was laid upon the table for further consideration.

ETTA B. PIERCE, *Sec.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The women of New Hampshire write in gratitude to our Heavenly Father that the crisis in our mission fields was met, and the work permitted to go on without break; as an acknowledgment of our gratitude we are hoping that the annual thank-offering of May will be promptly and early attended to by every auxiliary and church in our Y. M., and a report of the same sent to your state secretary. The letter in the January *HELPER*, by Miss Baker of Harper's Ferry, setting forth some of the needs of the college and students, was read with much interest by many of our churches, several of the New Durham Q. M. responding by sending barrels or boxes of second-hand clothing and unmade material for the sewing department. This helped to increase the interest in our work, and in some instances the membership. The better our people understand the needs of the work the more they are willing to do. More of

such plain, practical letters as Miss Baker's, from the workers in the field, telling just what is needed, is what we want, and as we are prospered we will do. In the observance of our thank-offering service allow me to suggest a most beautiful exercise published in the September, 1896, number of our MISSIONARY HELPER. Dear sisters of the New Hampshire Y. M., let us all try to meet the amount apportioned to our society, and then there will be no lack when we come to our annual meeting in June.

Yours in the work,

MRS. E. H. HALL, *State Cor. Sec.*

NOTICE.—The Eastern Association of New Hampshire Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Societies will meet with the church in Rochester, Wednesday, May 5. A basket lunch will be served.

MRS. C. A. SHACKFORD, *Sec.*

Farmington, March 24, 1897.

MAINE.—A Floral Club connected with the E. Livermore auxiliary W. M. S. has been engaged since 1885, in raising and selling flower seeds, to obtain funds for the missionary society. Since the second year, the selling, etc., has been in the care of Miss H. A. Hutchinson, E. Livermore Mills, Me., and has increased, now including many bulbs and plants as well as flower seeds. The profits are used by the auxiliary for foreign missions, home missions, missionary books for the library, incidental expenses of auxiliary, etc. Excellent seeds are sold for about half the price usually asked by dealers for the same kinds. Most of the sales are made by mail, though there is some local trade. If desiring to know more of this work, any one can send to Miss Hutchinson for a price list, or can send ten cents for a "Floral Club Collection" of ten packets of flower seeds, or twenty-five cents for a "bulb collection" of twenty-five bulbs, gladiolus, fairy lilies, oxalis, etc.

PRES. E. LIVERMORE AUX. W. M. S.

AMONG OUR BOOKS.

The books which help you most are those which make you think the most.—*Theodore Parker.*

Knights of the Labarum, being Studies in the Lives of Judson, Duff, Mackenzie, and Mackay. By Harlan P. Beach. Chicago. Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. Cloth, 40 cents; paper, 25 cents.

The somewhat mystical title is explained thus, "Labarum, the sacred military standard of the early Christian Roman emperors, was first adopted by Constantine the Great after his miraculous vision in 312." The book itself is wholly practical and eminently suggestive. It does not aim to give anything like a complete biography of these four missionaries, but selecting them as representative workers in different countries, it gives an outline of the life, work, and field, with an ample list of suggestive readings at the close of each chapter. It is already used as a text-book by the student volunteers, various young people's

and woman's missionary societies, and can be heartily recommended as a handbook, to any mission students, to accompany or inspire wider reading. Mr. Beach is well qualified to appreciate and supply such need, by his own missionary service in China, and his present position of educational secretary of the student volunteer movement for foreign missions.

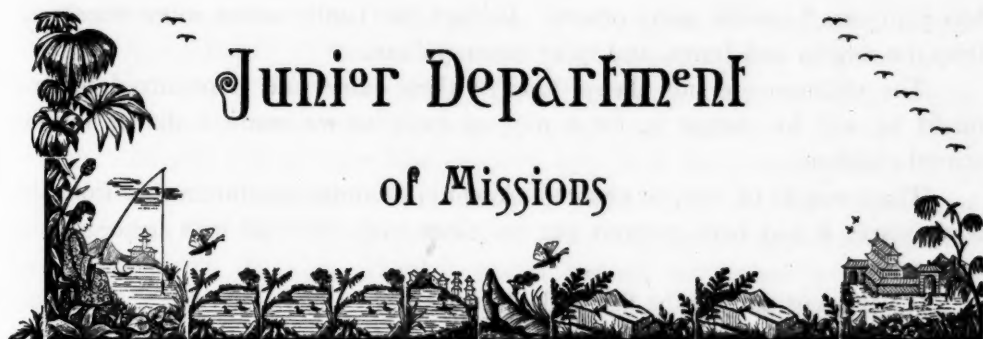
My Missionary Apprenticeship. By Rev. J. M. Thoburn, D.D. New York, Hunt and Eaton. 425 pp. Price, \$1.20.

The name of Bishop Thoburn attached to a book is sufficient guarantee of both its helpful and readable qualities. Our own missionaries, and several well known workers, have asked us to call attention to this book in particular. It is a series of personal sketches covering twenty-five years of service, and the author clearly states its purpose and accomplishment in the preface: "God's call to the youthful messenger, the guiding hand that leads him forth, the new life in a strange land, the lessons which have to be learned, and the work which has to be done; the manner of working, the adaptations made to the peculiar character of the people, the laying of foundations, and the erection of spiritual temples—all these things are but imperfectly understood by the mass of those who are interested in missionary work. It is in the hope of meeting this felt want that these sketches have been written." The book is especially recommended to would-be missionaries and to all who in the home-land are the co-workers of missionaries.

By Canoe and Dog-Train, among the Cree and Salteaux Indians. By Egerton Ryerson Young, missionary. With introductions by Mark Guy Pearse and Rev. J. T. Gracey. New York, Hunt and Eaton. 267 pp. Price, \$1.25.

It has been said that "men who make history do not write it," but Mr. Young's historical narrative of many years' experience among the Indians reads almost like a story of adventure. Literature upon the subject of missionary work and life among the red men is so limited that a book of this kind has a fascination all its own. From the opening chapters on Indian evangelization and earliest workers in this field, through the story of the happy and sorrowful but fruitful years of labor of himself and his wife—at Norway House, near Lake Winnipeg—to the closing chapter, when, on account of the failure of Mrs. Young's health, they "left the land of the Salteaux for work in the Master's vineyard elsewhere," the interest is sustained. The volume is handsomely bound and fully illustrated, making unaccustomed and far away scenes familiar.

THE Roger Williams auxiliary has invited the next annual meeting of the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society to meet in the Roger Williams church, Providence, R. I., early in October.



DEAR JUNIORS: I have not forgotten that "Children's Day" comes in the month of June, now that there is usually something especially for it in the May HELPER. Because the pages had to be filled with other things this time, you shall have more space next time, and a letter from your very own missionary, Miss Barnes, so be watching for it. We are all delighted with "Dr. Nellie's" letter on how they dine at Santipore, only we would rather be excused from dining that way ourselves! Customs may be very different in India and America, but human nature seems to be about the same everywhere—don't you think so?

Please notice how your "Roll of Honor" is growing. Whatever shall we do with it? Did I hear your answer—"Let it grow"? Yes, that is just what we will do, and the faster the better. Whenever I look at it, I seem to see hundreds of children dropping their pennies into the mite-boxes, then the mite-boxes are opened and the money goes speeding to India to do a blessed work for the children there. The best of all is I believe that you are glad to learn and to do and to give, as well as to play—and what good times you do have playing. Which reminds me that some of our missionaries' children have said and done very bright things in their play and talk, and I have had them written down for you to read in the junior department by and by.

Your loving friend,

THE EDITOR.

HOW THEY DINE AT SANTIPORE.

BY HELEN M. PHILLIPS.

I SUPPOSE you have all heard of little "Jimmie Don't," who surprised his teacher by insisting that this was really his name, for 'twas what his mother always called him.

Well, several of poor little Jimmie's brothers and sisters go to school in Santipore. There is "Dena Don't-copy-from-Prasad's-slate." There's "Rara Don't-eat popcorn-in-school," and "Seresh Don't-pinch-the-next-boy-or-I'll-

box-your-ears," beside many others. In fact the family seems more numerous than the Smiths and Jones, and quite cosmopolitan.

The children are not always fond of their name, and it occurred to us it might be well to change it, for a day, at least, so we made a dinner for the school children.

There was to be rice, of course. A white, steaming mountain rose from the floor, where it had been poured out on clean mats covered with fresh banana leaves.

'Twas a sad day for the fish and chickens.

Why was the world made so that one creature must rejoice by another's sufferings? I am sure *I* cannot tell, and as to the children, they did not even stop to philosophize, but snuffed savory odors from curry-pots and smiled heartlessly.

They were to play from four till dark, and eat their dinner by early lamp-light. We had jumping ropes and swings, beside various games, new and old. We had one thing more, a very serious talk just before school closed as to the proper Christian way for children to play so that all might be happy and no tears be shed.

The games went off finely, and just at nightfall two rows of mats were spread on the long veranda of the mission bungalow, and fourscore of little orientals—the school children with all their younger brothers and sisters—filed to their places, sitting cross-legged on the mats, the two rows facing each other.

Guests being seated, the table (floor) was laid by waiters passing between the rows.

Waiter number one brought the plates, a new set, ordered especially for the occasion. These were fresh from the banana garden, large, handsome, green, and glossy. One is spread before each guest. Waiter number two sprinkles water on each leaf plate to keep the rice from sticking. Number three brings the salt and puts a little on the edge of each leaf. Number four carries a large pan of warm rice from which with his *right* hand (native etiquette is exacting here; no spoons required, no left hands allowed) he supplies each plate with a generous portion. And now the deft little right hand of each guest hollows out a well in the center of the plateful, making the rice compact and "gravy tight," ready for number five, who fills each well with a yellowish-green spiced gravy of pulse. Then follow the chicken and fish curries, in which the meat, cut in mouthfuls, is stewed in oil and spices. This too is served with the hand.

All things are now ready. I clap my hands for silence. Two rows of heads are bowed, and our native pastor, standing at the end of the half-lighted veranda, devoutly asks a blessing.

On these occasions the blessing has by some means acquired a unique ending, "Amen EAT." Is there a "Don't" in all my school now, or a "Won't"? That magic "Amen EAT" has made "Does" of every one, and within twenty minutes the family name will be changed again. But before we can call them "Done" the rice will all have been molded into little balls, which, followed by a pinch of salt, rapidly chase each other out of sight. The supreme moment of the dinner has arrived, when the first course is finished, and whispers of "Kheer, kheer," pass down the line. Here it comes, and on each plate is poured the warm pudding of rice boiled in sweetened milk, and flavored with cocoanut and camphor. Eyes sparkle and lips are smacked in anticipation, as little fat hands make themselves into spoons.

How do they manage it? I don't know exactly. You might try it some day with a plate of moderately thick gruel. If you do it perseveringly, and are not afraid to honestly lick your fingers, the chances are you will come out ahead, as they do, and get up from your dinner leaving a clean plate.

Out on the grass now we pour water on lines of hands, and the "thank you and good-night" are both included in the hearty "Namaskara" the children give us, each touching the forehead with the right hand. Chattering happily they disappear in the gathering darkness, leaving us thankful for this opportunity to give them a happy day.

Santipore, India (P. O. Mohammednagar).

HOW THE LAME LAD HELPED.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE tells this tale of the Revolution:

"There was a little lame blacksmith boy who, because he was lame, was obliged to remain at home when all his companions went to join Gen. Stark and fight the Hessians at Bennington. They had been gone but a little while when some soldiers galloped up and asked if there was anybody at home.

" 'Yes,' Luke said; 'I am here.'

" 'I mean,' said one, 'is there anybody here who can shoe a horse?'

" 'I think I can; I will try.'

"So he put the shoe on the horse quite thoroughly and well. And when it was done one of the men said, 'Boy, no ten men who have left you to-day have served your country as you have.' It was Col. Warner.

"When I read," Mr. Hale goes on to say, "in the big books of history of Col. Warner riding up just in time to save the battle of Bennington, I think of Luke Varnum. When I see monuments in memory of Col. Warner and Gen. Stark and Gen. Burgoyne, I think of Luke Varnum. And often I think, 'Does not every boy who does his duty have the future of the world upon him?' Had

it not been for Luke Varnum's work that day, perhaps the battle of Bennington and of Saratoga might have gone otherwise.

"How little we know what any smallest act of our own may do!

"Who are you and I, that we should pick and choose when we do not know what may come out of the little things God sets against our hands? Certainly we should not have had the perfect example of Christ had he not stooped for us to the nobler doing of each daily duty.

"Do you not see how this daily life of yours may be God's mission for you, if only in it you will seek to do, as Jesus did, even the least things that the Heavenly Father sets against your hand?"—*Selected.*

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

A LITTLE girl who was playing with her dog unintentionally hit him with her foot. She immediately said, "Please excuse me, Duke," with as much deference as if she had been making an apology to a person. "That is a lesson in politeness for us all," said a guest who was within hearing. Then he told this incident in the life of a high railroad official.

Erastus Corning many years ago was president of the Central railroad. He was a lame man, and not very prepossessing in looks. He stood one day on the platform and was about to step on the cars. A conductor who did not know him shouted:

"Come, hurry up, old man; don't be all day about it; the train can't wait."

The conductor went round to take up the tickets. A passenger said to him:

"Do you know the gentleman you ordered on board?"

"No, and I don't want to know him."

"It may be worth while to make his acquaintance," said the passenger.

"He is your boss, the president of the road, and he'll take your head off."

The conductor gave a low whistle, and looked bold. However, he at once sought the president and offered an apology.

"Personally, I care nothing about it," said Mr. Corning. "If you had been so rude to anyone else, I would have discharged you on the spot." He continued, "You saw I was lame, and that I moved with great difficulty. The fact that you did not know who I was does not alter the complexion of your act. I'll keep no one in my employ who is not civil to everyone."—*Indian Witness.*

"JESUS has redeemed the world and gone to heaven, leaving us to evangelize it. Redemption his—evangelization ours. He has put the word into our lips. Jesus has redeemed the world, and two-thirds of humanity do not know that they have been redeemed because they have not been told."

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Ill., Campbell Hill, Children's Mission Band	2 shares
Minn., Nashville Center, "The Little Helpers"	2 shares
Minn., Nashville Center, "Cheerful Workers"	2 shares
Me., Dover and Foxcroft, S. S. class No. 8	1 share
Ohio, Cleveland, "Cheerful Givers," Scranton Ave. church	2 shares
Mich., Mason, Children's Band	1 share
Me., Lewiston, Junior A. F. C. E., Main St. ch.	1 share
N. H., Portsmouth, Junior A. F. C. E.	1 share
Mass., Haverhill, Class No. 5, Winter St., F. B. S. S.	1 share
Mich., Paw Paw, S. S.	2 shares
Me., Greene, two primary classes, F. B. S. S.	1 share
Mich., Kingston, "Emilie Barnes Mission Band"	1 share
N. H., Gonic, Junior A. F. C. E.	1 share
Me., North Lebanon, "Willing Workers"	1 share
Mich., Manton, F. B. Mission Band	1 share
Mich., Highland, Juvenile Mission Band	1 share
Mass., Melrose Highlands, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
N. H., Rochester, Junior A. C. F.	3 shares
N. Y., Poland, Junior C. E.	1 share
Me., Portland, Junior Endeavor Band, 1st F. B. church	2 shares
Me., Thorndike, S. S.	1 share
Me., Parsonfield, S. S.	1 share
Me., Parsonfield children	1 share
Me., Brunswick, First F. B. S. S.	1 share
N. H., Alton, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
Ill., Murphysboro, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
Me., Lewiston, Primary Dept. Pine St. S. S.	1 share
S. D., Valley Springs Mission Band	1 share
N. H., Milton, Junior A. C. F.	2 shares
Mich., Gobleville, A. C. F.	1 share
Me., Dover and Foxcroft, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
Mich., Jackson, Junior Society	1 share
Vt., West Charleston, Junior Society	1 share
R. I., Providence, Mrs. Mira H. Brayton. Park St. Aux.	1 share
Pa., Keeneyville, Children's Mission Band	1 share
N. H., Laconia, Junior C. E., First F. B. ch.	1 share
Me., South Windham, a friend	1 share
N. H., Concord, Curtis Memorial ch., Junior Dept.	1 share
N. H., Hampton, "Pearl Seekers"	1 share
N. H., Manchester, First F. B. ch., Junior A. C. F.	1 share
N. H., East Rochester, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
Vermont, Lyndon Center, Junior A. F. C. E.	1 share
Maine, Island Falls, F. B. S. S. No. 5	1 share
Maine, E. Corinth, Mrs. J. N. Noble	1 share

"Think truly, and thy thought
 Shall a world's famine feed;
 Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed."

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for March, 1897.

MAINE.

Caribou A. E. Johnson for F. M.	\$5.00
E. Otisfield aux. for Bible woman with Mrs.	4.00
Smith	2.50
E. Parsonsfield Mrs. P. B. Allen birthday offering for Callie Weeks in S. O.	6.50
Edgecomb Q. M. W. M. aux. Miss Barnes's salary	4.68
Farmington Q. M. aux. for Elizabeth in S. O.	4.25
Gray church	9.09
Otisfield Q. M. col. for F. M.	4.00
Prospect and Unity Q. M. W. M. S.	5.00
Roxbury Mrs. D. A. Gammon for Domestic Science Dept. Storer College	1.00
So. Berwick Mrs. A. R. Hodgdon T. O.	5.50
Springfield Q. M. aux. for Miss Coombs	

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Belknap Association	5.47
Concord Branch S. S. of Curtis Memorial ch. for children in S. O.	8.00
Dover Washington St. aux. for Julia Lett	10.00
E. Rochester Jun. A. C. F. for Miss Barnes	4.00
Gonic A. F. C. E. for Alma Seavey in S. O.	6.25
Manchester Jun. A. C. F. for Miss Barnes	4.00

VERMONT.

E. Randolph F. B. ch. for Mrs. Smith	15.00
Enosburgh Falls aux. for Mrs. Smith	4.00
Lyndon Center Jun. A. F. C. E. for Miss Barnes	4.00
Lyndon Center aux. for Mrs. Smith	12.25
St. Johnsbury aux. for Mrs. Smith	1.58
Sutton a friend of missions for child in S. O.	25.00
W. Charleston ch. for Mrs. Smith	4.00
Wheelock Hollow ch. for Mrs. Smith	2.00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Lynn W. M. S. for Domestic Science Dept. Storer College	5.00
Whitman on church apportionment by Anna	

NOTE.—Money credited to Mrs. S. S. Starbird of Lewiston, Me., in February receipts, constitutes her a life member.

Ellis Dexter for child in S. O. \$10.00

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence F. Baptist Y. P. Union of R. I. for Beebee Phillips	113.00
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MINNESOTA.

Brainard W. M. S. for F. M.	3.00
Hennepin Q. M. col. F. M.	6.43
Huntley F. M.	5.00
Mapleton aux. \$5 Storer \$5.75 F. M.	10.75
Madelia Junior Band for Miss Barnes	1.25
Sherburne W. M. S. F. M.	3.35

INDIANA.

Lagrange Q. M. W. M. S. for Poo Nee in S. O.	9.55
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ILLINOIS.

Murphysboro W. M. S. for F. M.	4.75
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IOWA.

Cedar Valley Q. M.	1.85
Estherville aux.	4.25
Hillsboro C. E. Society	2.00
Little Sioux Valley Q. M. aux.	4.10
Lockridge aux.	3.00
Waterloo aux.50

WISCONSIN.

Evansville Rev. M. C. Miner Miss Butts or Dr. M. Bachelor	1.50
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KANSAS.

Cloud and Republic Q. M. W. M. S.60
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Total \$346.95

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

Dover, N. H.

per EDYTH R. PORTER, *Asst. Treas.*

FORM OF BEQUEST.

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